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HOME LIFE IN PARIS.

WHEREVER one sees a yellow bill upon the door of a Parisian house he may be tolerably certain of discovering within a neat apartment, well furnished, having at least a bed-room, a parlor, a dining-room, a kitchen, and usually an ante-room into which the entrance door opens. The windows, extending to the floor, are hung with lace and "stuff" curtains, the doors have portieres upon either side, rugs, as a rule, take the place of carpets, the bed is under the protection of a canopy, even though it be no more than muslin, and a heavy wardrobe, with a full length mirror in the door, is often the *point de resistance* in the room. A showy silk down-quilt is thrown over the bed, and a bolster of huge proportions rests at the head. The top of the mattress averages three or four feet from the floor, and suggests the advantage of step-ladders and the utter discomfort of "little people." The peculiarity, however, of the French bed is its restful quality, for it is so whether it be found in the Palace of the Elysée or a third-rate apartment house on Montmartre, in the Hotel de L'Athenée, or the most provincial of *pensions*.

The elasticity of prices in the renting of apartments is wonderful. A Frenchman pays \$30 per month for a nicely furnished "flat" in the Palais Royal, or, we will say, in the neighborhood of Trinité Church, taking the two extremes of localities, and an American tourist gladly pays \$50 for the same accommodations. If the lessee is fortunate and rents from a family that may be going to Vichy for a few months, he possibly can arrange for silverware, linen and crockery, but if this is denied him, he will find a most agreeable company organized for the very purpose of supplying the transient resident with all the necessary appurtenances of housekeeping, at a price that allows one to display a magnificence approaching royalty at the most economical outlay. A "bonne" may be had at \$7 per month, one of those smart French girls that does everything from cooking the meals to dressing her mistress, and who insists upon doing it. Seven dollars, be it understood, is not starvation pay, it is munificence, and one may expect from such a girl all the esthetic cooking of the French *repertoire*. Peas, not as we have them in this country, yellow and hard, but deliciously sweetened, as tender as cream. The *bonne* does all the marketing, wrangles with the trades-people, and hands in her account every day or week. Of course she has a percentage from the stores, but who would begrudge that to get rid of the intolerable nuisance of shopping?

A stroll on the Boulevards, a visit to the Jardin d'Acclimatation, a ride to the Bois de Boulogne, by the way of the Champs Elysée, all these are pleasures, and combine with the attractive furnishings of the house, to make one forget the annoyances he is subjected to, and the crude and primitive domestic surroundings he is called upon to endure. He is induced to forget that on his way home he may be run over by a vicious cab driver, and then arrested for being in the way of the horses, for, of course, in Parisian streets vehicles have the right of way.

If the traveler reaches his apartments safely he finds his wife shivering with a blanket shawl about her, sitting before a brilliant charcoal fire that is on a stone hearth in a grate opening just large enough to be distinguished, and the windows thrown back to give the fumes of the charcoal egress to the outer and freezing air. An iron box, with two saucer-like depressions in the top, stands in the kitchen. Charcoal is placed in these depressions and ignited through the agency of small pieces of wood covered with resin. The *bonne* by vigorously exercising the blowers that hang beside every "stove" of this sort, creates a blaze before the wood can smolder and smoke, but if the smoke gets a little the advantage, it fills the room, the eyes and everything else that's available, the windows are opened and the doors are closed, and if every one in the house was not a daily victim to the same accident, the impression

would prevail that the second floor lodgers were attempting suicide in the most approved French style. When the smoke is conquered, the charcoal is nearly cold, and then the same thing is tried over again until finally there is a heap of hot cinders ready to broil or stew anything that is placed upon it.

It is surprising what capital meals are the outcome of this unpromising beginning, but, of course, in the very nature of things, only one eatable can be prepared at a time, or at the most one upon each of the two charcoal heaps. Thus it is possible that necessity established the custom of serving one dish as a course, for it would be little short of a miracle to find any French kitchen in a private house or apartment, with facilities for more than a single pan upon the "range."

About the time one has gotten rid of the smoke it is discovered that there is no water to be had, the faucet of the delapidated zinc water-receiver, which stands in the kitchen, is turned in vain. The "conciierge," or janitor, is called, and

that the retail price of a bundle of eight candles is but twenty cents in the stores, and one candle is charged at fifteen cents in the hotels, a person by taking a hint from this scale of prices, can accumulate a quantity of light that may enable him to read the evening papers.

The *conciierge* is an important factor in French life. If one fails to "come down" with the proper amount of subsidy in the shape of "pour boire," the *conciierge*, whose place is at the entrance to his building, takes very good care that his close-fisted tenant does not receive his mail, certainly until one day after its delivery at the door, and his visitors are informed that he is "not at home," when, in truth, he is awaiting their coming in his rooms. Should the tenant protest to the landlord, his life will thereafter be miserable, a succession of ills and terrors that will finally drive him from the house, to look for other apartments. But he is known to every *conciierge* in the city, and despite the flaming yellow

poster that announces from the outer wall there is an apartment to let, he meets everywhere the one reply, "There is nothing here, sir," and if, per force, he does get into the building, the price is placed at such a figure as to put it beyond the reach of the tired and discouraged searcher. After one experience of this sort the traveler either succumbs to the inevitable, and pays up like a man, or else, with what courage he has left, he goes off to Switzerland and freezes on Mont Blanc, or to Rome and gets the fever.

Of course where there are few carpets the floors must be kept in good condition, so a man comes every week and waxes the boards, and skates about on them with stiff brushes tied to his feet.

The *blanchisseuse*, or washer-woman, justly claims to be as bad as the *conciierge*. The first wash comes back in excellent condition, the following is lacking two or three small articles, which the *blanchisseuse* explains, with profuse apologies, were forgotten. The next week one of the missing articles is produced, but two others are gone, and so it accumulates in this ratio, until finally the traveler forgets how the account stands, and thanks his stars if he can get out of the city with a pair of cuffs left him.

Thus do the comforts and discomforts of French life appear to the ordinary sightseer, and while he revels in pâtes and glaces and champignons and grenouilles, he loses the American luxuries of roast turkey, mince pies, flap-jacks, hash, and pork and beans, those distinctive relishes of the Yankee palate.

THE ART OF THE FUTURE.

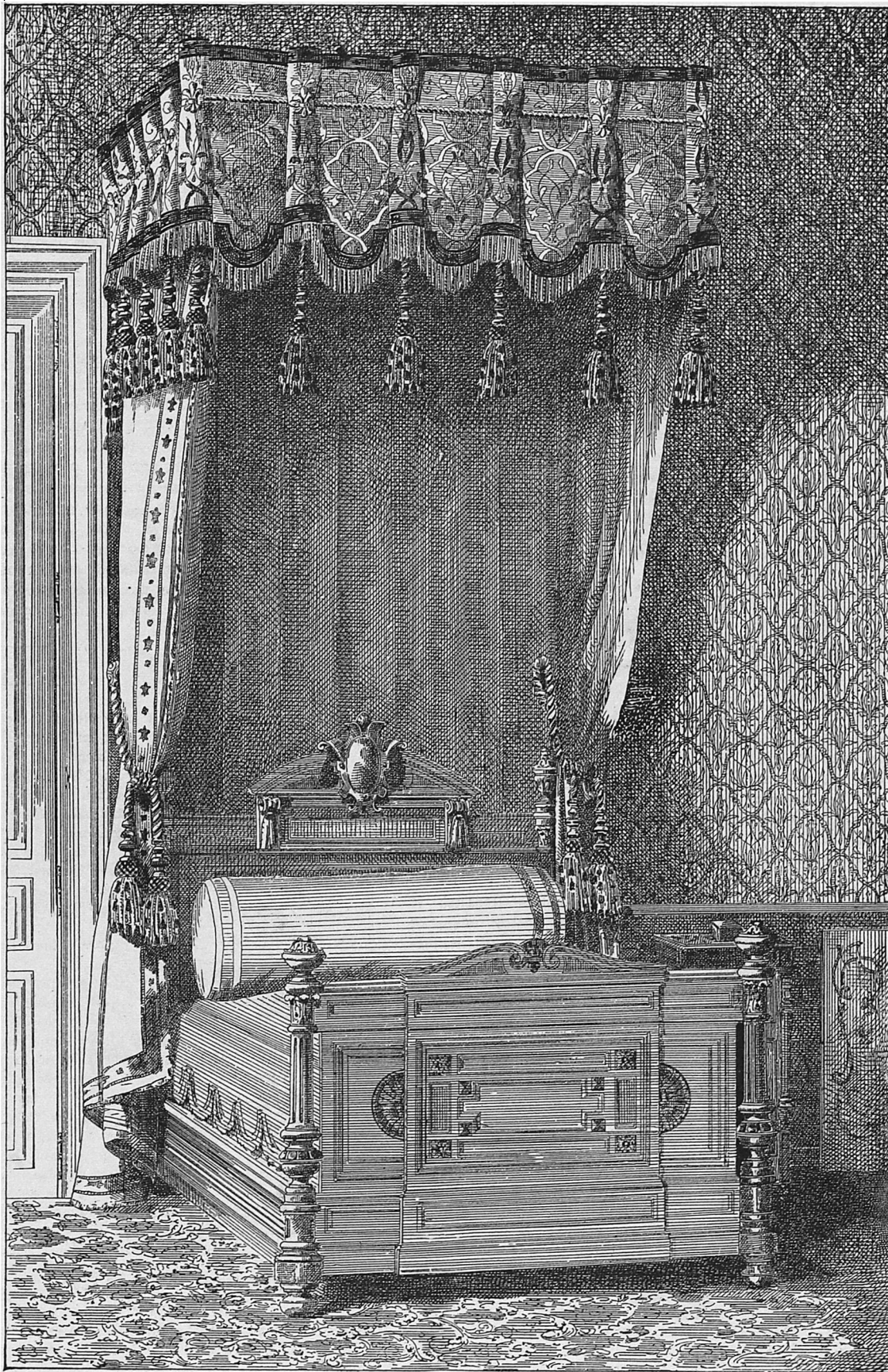
In the art of the future, outgrowth of ancient art though it be, there must be more of free choice. Already the times are out of joint with despotism; we no longer act according to tradition; we are not unsophisticated as savages, in bondage like the Egyptians, isolated like the Chinese, cultivated like the Greeks, bigoted like the Arabs or the early Christians. We cannot go back. If we do not know enough to do better work than our ancestors, we know too much to be content with any of it. Each new field of study that is opened to us tempts us afresh. We are unsettled. We cannot quite make

up our minds whether we will found our style on Greek or Gothic, Renaissance or Roman, Japanese or Jacobean, or even on Queen Anne. Our eyes are open to the idea of style, and we are haunted by the consciousness of it. We have gathered a heap of ornamental treasure round us, till it hems in our movements, and imprisons our ideas.

Badly as we may be in want of a style of the nineteenth century, we cannot consent to put up with the galvanized mummy of any dead art. We torment ourselves overmuch about style. If we only keep our eyes open and our wits at work, and do honestly our best, we need not fear that our work will be altogether contemptible in the eyes of a civilization to come.

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The future will find in what we leave behind a something which will be equivalent to the style of the nineteenth century.—Lewis F. Day.



A FRENCH DESIGN FOR A GENTLEMAN'S BED.

he brings forth from some unknown hiding place a couple of pails of water, possibly fresh but probably not, which he pours into the receiver, where it stands for the day before being consumed, and after a few hours the remaining water is so impregnated with the zinc taste, that those who do drink it find it advisable to flavor it with *orgeat* or *frambois*, or some similar-syrup, to make it at all palatable.

Whether this is an explanation of the use of wine, so marked in France, is a question, though the objection to water may be due to the fact that it costs nothing, a reasonable suggestion made to the writer not long since in Paris by Mr. Bowles, of banking celebrity.

It is hardly necessary to refer to candles, their spurious claims to attention have been repeatedly exposed. All that may be said of French candles is that they give as little light as is possible, in order to retain their name, and unless there are two it is really difficult to find either. Still, considering